

to say; but I will say this: if you force that if you persevere in that attempt—I think, I hope, the men of Kansas will fight. I hope they will resist to blood and to death the attempt to force them to a submission against which their fathers contended, and to which they never would have submitted. Let me tell you, sir, I stand not here to use the language of intimidation or of menace; but you kindle the fires of civil war in that country by an attempt to force that Constitution on the necks of an unwilling people; and you will light a fire that all the money cannot quench—yes, sir, there will come up many another Peter the Hermit, that will go through the length and breadth of this land, telling the story of your wrongs and your outrages; and they will stir the public heart; they will raise a feeling in this country such, has as never yet been raised; and the men of this country will go forth, as they did of olden time, in another crusade; but it will not be a crusade to redeem the dead sepulchre where the body of the Crucified had lain from the profanation of the infidel, but to redeem this fair land, which God has given to be the abode of freemen, from the degradation of a despotism sought to be imposed upon them in the name of a 'perfect freedom' and 'popular sovereignty.'

This is a little different from the speeches made in the Senate last winter. There is nothing apologetic and deprecatory this time. Mr. Seward said, long ago, 'The time for compromises has passed by.'

Mr. Sumner's chair is vacant still, and yet it speaks with more power than any Senator can bring to defend Slavery with. In the long line of men Massachusetts has sent to do service in the Halls of Congress, there has been none nobler than Charles Sumner, none more faithful. I know how dangerous it is to praise a living man, especially a politician; to-morrow may undo the work of half a century. But here I feel safe; for of all the men I have known in political life, he is the only one who has thereby grown stronger in the noblest qualities of a man. Already his integrity has been tried in the severest ordeal; I think hereafter it will stand any test. Massachusetts has had three great Adamses—Samuel, John, and Quincy. In their graves, they are to her what the three Tells are to Switzerland. Here is a man equally noble, perhaps with a finer culture than any of them. He has now the same fidelity, the same integrity—faithfulness to delegated trust, allegiance to the Higher Law of Right. His empty chair is eloquent.

Then there are REPUBLICANS OUT OF CONGRESS, in official station, who are at work. All the New England States, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, have Governors and Legislatures, I think, hostile to slavery—after the 'Republican' way. The election of Mr. Banks was a triumph in Massachusetts. In fifty years past, no Northern State has sent a man to the House of Representatives, who in twenty-five years acquired as great influence there as Mr. Banks in four. He has many qualities which fit him for eminence in American politics—if he only be faithful to the Right. I hear loud condemnations of him from anti-slavery men, because, say they, 'he will do wrong by and by.' Our sentence will be in season if it comes after the crime; and the actual offences of Republican politicians are so numerous that I will not condemn conjectural felonies before they are committed. I hear it said he will not remove Judge Loring. Wait and see. This I know, that a good deal within twelve months, he said he wished him removed, by the address of the Legislature; and if he (Banks) were Governor, he (Banks) would do it. If he try to ride a compromise, he may depend on it he will not ride far, however long. 'The day of compromise is past.' I remember the speech he made in Wall Street, New York; also the one at Salem. I have no defence to make for him, no excuse to offer for him. I felt astonished and ashamed. But to exchange his predecessor for him seemed a triumph of freedom in 1857; I hope it will prove so in years to come.

The Republican party has done considerable service, but it does not behave very well. It is cowardly; a little deceitful; making a false wait upon itself. Colored waiters at public festivals say, 'The Democrats treat us better than the Republicans.' Events have clearly shown that the party did not deserve to gain the federal power in 1856; that it would have been ruinous to the party could they then have taken the great offices, and disastrous to the cause of freedom, which they would compromise. Yet, as it is the best political party we have, I would not be over-nice in criticising it. I like not to pick holes in the thin spots of the only political coat we have in this stormy weather. I know the difficulties of the party, and have pity for its offenders—none for its hunters after place.

I have spoken of the services of these classes of political men. There is one trouble which disturbs all four. They are liable to a certain disease of a peculiar nature. I have a good copy of Galen, but he does not mention it; the last edition of Hippocrates, but neither he nor his commentators, though both well-learned men, makes any reference thereto. Hence I suppose it is a new disease, which, though not exactly a Doctor of Medicine, perhaps I am the first to describe. So I will call it the PRESIDENTIAL FEVER; or, in Latin, *Typhus infandus Americus*. I will try to describe the specific variety which is endemic in the Northern States, the only place where I have studied the disease. I may omit some symptoms of the case, which other observers will supply. At first, the patient is filled with a vague longing after the too high for him. He gazes at them with a fixed stare; the pupils expand. But he cannot see distinctly; crooked ways seem straight; the shortest curve he thinks is a right angle; dirty things look clean, and he lays hold of them without perceiving their condition. Some things he sees double—especially the number of his friends; others with a semi-vision, and it is always the lower half he sees. All the time he hears a confused noise, like that of men declaring votes, State after State. This noise obscures all other sounds, so that he cannot hear the still, small voice which yet moves the world of men. He can bear no agitation; the word 'slavery' disturbs him much; he fears discussion thereof as a hydropic dread. Yet he is fond of the 'rich brogue' of the foreign population. His sense of smell is so morbid, that an honest man is unbearably offensive. His tongue is foul, but he has an irresistible propensity to lick the hands of those he thinks will give him what he seeks. His organ of Locality is crazed and erratic in its action; the thermometer may stand at 20 below zero, even lower, if long enough—the Mississippi may be frozen over clear down to Natchez, Hellgate be impassable for ice, and the wind of Labrador blow for months across the continent to the Gulf of Mexico, still, he can't believe there is any North! Combativeness is irregularly active; he fights his best friends and clings to his worst enemies. Destructiveness is intense; he would abolish the negroes, enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill, and hang the Abolitionists. Benevolence is wholly inert. Causality has become idiotic; he looks into the clockwork of the State, and every where finds a little nigger has got into the machinery, which he would set right by 'crushing out' the intruder. Ideality fills him with the foolishness of dreams. The organ of self-esteem swells to a monstrous size—like a huge von on the top of the head, a sight to behold. He talks about himself excessively, *ad nauseam*, and makes a noise from meeting days, and is always 'up' in the Legislature. Vanity is immense; he would be before the people constantly; no place is too small, if only public; he lives in the eye of the people, greedy of praise.

It may be the same Herod is said to have died of. From Sallust's description, it would seem that Catiline had a slight touch of it. *Bell. Cat. ch. i.*
Et de mensura jus dicere, vasa minora
Frangere pannonis vacuis Adilis Ulbris.
—qui nimis optabat honores.
The Latin is only for Doctors, who know the local applications of the geography.

Hope is in a state of delirious excitement; no failure discourses him, no fall abates desire to rise. Veracity is in a comatose state; 'he will lie like Governor —.' Conscientiousness has 'eaved in,' and in its place there is a 'hole in his head.' He knows no higher law above his own ambition, for which all means seem just. He often speaks of 'the father of his country,' but never tells his noblest deeds. His Reverence is delicious in its action; he worships every graven or molten image that faces South, and lies prostrate before the great ugly idol of Slavery, rending his garments, and cries, 'Baal help us! Baal help us!' Disease incurable; yields to no medicine; not hellebore enough, in all Antiquity to affect the case. I need not speak of the old Anti-Slavery Society. It is not necessary I should criticise their action—I have done that often enough before. If we deserve any praise, let others give it, or give it not, as suits them best.

There has been a great change in the *Proctor* of the North—else, Mr. President, we were not here to-night. You remember the Legislatures of 1850, 1851, 1852,—what if you had asked them for this Hall! In 1841, even Faneuil Hall could not be had for a Convention of fifteen hundred as respectable and intelligent men as ever assembled in the United States, with Horace Mann at their head. We are here to-night by the will of the People of Massachusetts. For many years, we have come up before the Legislature of this State; it has always heard us patiently, and I think at length has always done what we asked. Former Legislatures have done all in their power to remove the only Massachusetts Judge of Probate that ever kidnapped a man. I make no doubt this Legislature will as faithfully represent the conscience of the State.

I say, there has been a great change in the People. Compare the old *Anti-Slavery* with the new, which I think one of the humane as well as ablest newspapers in New England.

I recall the fate of the Northern men who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. There were thirteen Northern Senators who did so. The official term has expired for ten of them. Nine of the ten lost their election—veteran Mr. Cass at their head; the Canadian and Amboy Railroad sent back Mr. Thompson to represent their rolling-stock. Stuart of Michigan, Jones of Iowa, and Douglas of Illinois abide their time.

Forty-two Northern Representatives were equally false to Democracy. Thirty-nine of them have gone to their own places, only three returned to their seats: J. G. Lacey, John P. B. Florence of Pennsylvania, and W. N. English of Maryland, alone remain.

If the South is more confident of victory than ever, the North is also more determined to conquer. The late elections show this; that of Mr. Banks is a very significant sign of the times. The 'REBELLION' of Mr. Douglas—so the Hon. Mr. Peirce calls it—is popular at the North. He could be elected to the Senate to-morrow by a vote of the people of Illinois. I do not say I would vote for him; that State will. All the West is on his side. See how many tender-footed Democrats there are who cannot walk over a majority of legal voters in Kansas ten thousand strong, and force Slavery on that State, even at the command of the old master. Soon there will be *Conscience Democrats*, as once 'Conscience Whigs.' The Administration Party may carry their measures; it will be as of old, 'the counsel of the forward is carried headlong.' In 1860, the Northern Democratic Party will be where the Whig Party was in 1856. There will be a pack of men about the federal offices in all the great towns, united by common desire for public plunder; but the Party will be as dead as Benedict Arnold. If Mr. Cushing will 'crush out' all individualism from the Democracy, he will leave no life there.

Such is the Aspect of Slavery now. It is clear what the North has to do. She must choose either Freedom of the Black man, with an industrial Democracy gradually spreading over all the continent, diffusing everywhere the civilization of New England; or else the Slavery of the Black man, with a Military Despotism certainly overreaching the land and crushing down the mass of men, white and black, into Asiatic subjection. The choice is between these two extremes.

There are 15,000,000 in the North, all free. The power of numbers, wealth, industry, education, ideas, institutions, all is on our side. So are the sympathies of the civilized world, the hopes and the primal instincts of mankind; 'the stars in their courses fight against Sicea.' The Federal Government is against us—we might have had it on our side if we would.

The last Presidential election showed who in the North were the allies of the South. In the four great cities, and in that debatable land which borders on the slave States, a strip of territory 200 miles wide, reaching from New York harbor to the Mississippi. I trust the Anti-Slavery Society will send out its missionaries to arouse and instruct the people in that border land. There is a practical work to be done—to be attempted at once.

Slavery is a moral wrong and an economical blunder; but it is also a great political institution. It cannot be put down by political economy, nor by ethical preaching; men have not only pecuniary interests and moral feelings, but also political passions. Slavery must be put down politically, or else militarily. If not peacefully ended soon, it must be ended wrathfully by the sword. The negro won't bear Slavery for ever; if he would, the white man won't.

If the Republican party behave wisely, there will never be another inch of slave soil added to the national domain, nor another slave State admitted to the Union; but Slavery will be driven out of all the territories. Look at this fact. There are now fifteen slave States, sixteen free. Minnesota and Kansas will soon be added, Washington and Oregon are long—four new free States. Missouri will abolish Slavery within four years. They, in 1854, we shall stand twenty-one free States to fourteen slave States. Nay, perhaps Utah will repudiate both forms of polygamy, the voluntary and the forcible, and be an ally in our defence. Easy is to conquer the Southern part of the continent; it is not easy to establish African slavery there, in the midst of a population made up of Africans or Indians ready to shelter the slave, and also much more dense than in the Gulf States from Georgia or Florida to Texas.

If the North is wise and just, we shall have an Anti-Slavery President in 1860, and on March 4th, 1861, incorporate the Principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution's Preamble into the Federal Government. For that service, we do not want a man like Col. Fremont, who has had no political experience; we want no Johnny Raw for the most difficult post in the nation. It must not be a man broken down by the Presidential fever. But much is to be done before that result is possible. The whole policy of the Republican party must be changed. We must attack Slavery—Slavery in the Territories, Slavery in the District, and above all, Slavery in the slave States. Would you remove the shadow of a tree? Then down with the tree itself! There is no other way. To get rid of the accidents of a thing, you make way with its substance. Does not the Constitution guarantee a Republican form of Government to every State? South Carolina has a Republican form of Government, has she? We must be aggressive, and kill the trunk, not maim the branches. When you attempt that, depend upon it the South will know you are in earnest. The Supreme Court is our worst enemy. I should attack it carefully, by legal siege.

If I were Republican Governor of Massachusetts, or a Senator of the State, I should make it a part of my duty to attend every Anti-Slavery Convention and to speak there. Such men go to Cattle Shows, and Mechanics' Fairs, and meetings of Bible Societies, to show that they are at least officially interested in farming, manufacturing, and religion. So would I go

to the other place, to show that I took the deepest, heartiest interest in the great Principles of Democracy, and wished to see justice done to the humblest of human kind.

The *Daily Advertiser* gives us good counsel. In the editorial of the 26th, I find these words: 'The enemies of Slavery and its extension have hitherto occupied too exclusively a defensive attitude; its friends, by venturing on bold courses of aggression, have continually been gaining ground.' If they did not carry their whole point, they always gained something by compromise. It is right to learn from one's enemy, and it will be fortunate if our friends in Congress have really learned the valuable lesson of refusing to be kept on the defensive.'

I know how anxious men are for office. I take it there are 20,000 candidates for the Presidency now living. I wish they were enumerated in the census—they might come after the overseers of slaves. Certainly, no man is too small for the place. The experience of Europe shows that little men may be born to high office; America proves that they can be chosen—Democratic election is as good as Royal foreordination. But no man is likely to gain as good a victory by compromise. Webster tried it, and failed; Clay also failed. If Seward, Chase or Banks attempted the same thing, they also would be dishonored to the ground. It is always hard to ride two horses. What, if, now, both be swift, and North runs one way, and South the other? Anti-Slavery is a movable stone—he that falls on it will be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder!

Let me say, if you attack Slavery, the South will dissolve the Union. She dissolve the Union! She does not dare. Without commerce, manufactures, schools, with no industry but slavery, more than one third of her population bondmen, their interest antagonistic to hers—let her try if she will. Her threat—I'll tell you what it is like. 'Mamma,' said a spoiled boy to a mother of ten or twelve older children, 'Mamma, I want a piece of pickled elephant.' 'No, my dear, he can't have it. Johnny must have a good boy.' 'No, I want a good boy. I don't want to be good. I want a piece of pickled elephant.' 'But ain't he mother's youngest boy?' When we have some pickled elephant, he shall have the biggest piece! 'Mamma, I don't want a piece. I want a whole pickled elephant. I want him now. If you don't let me have him now, I'll run right off and catch the measles. I know a boy that's got 'em first rate.'

CALEB CUSHING.

Our affection for the Hon. Caleb Cushing increases apace. From the lowly station of Attorney-General of the United States, he has risen to be the Representative of the Town of Newburyport, in the Massachusetts Legislature. What further and higher flights may be in reserve for him, we cannot accurately compute; but our extra-professional opinion is, that he will soar to an altitude quite beyond the range of human eyes, and too lofty to be scanned by the largest astronomical tubes, or lenses, or reflectors. Wherever he goes, he assumes the air of a deity, and seems to shake the spheres. Thus, from his elevated place in the Massachusetts House, on Monday last, he made a speech which, according to the Boston Transcript, had a paralytic effect on the members of the Legislature, and the members of the Republican profession. It was what you may call a crusher and a settler. 'No one,' says our Oolog and Bohemian contemporary, 'had the courage or ability to reply to Mr. Cushing's address.' Now this, we must declare, shows a deplorable lack of brains, speech and tongue, on the part of the Republican Representatives. Some one should at least have whistled, to prove that he was struggling to keep his courage up. But Caleb had them. They were muzzled. They were galvanized. They must recover the use of their lingual members until the time came for taking a vote upon Mr. Cushing's 'Preamble and Order'; and then, we must do the justice to say, they snatched Caleb and his Preamble and his Order, in the most satisfactory and decided manner. They could at least vote, if they could not talk.

Our readers may wish, and naturally, to know the gist of this 'Preamble and Order,' and what Mr. Cushing's speech-destroying speech was about. Let us try our ears! Know that a few days before this momentous crisis, the House had, in the heroic and unflinching manner, granted the use of its chamber to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the members of that amiable body desiring to hold a meeting within the sacred legislative walls. Mr. Cushing was much incensed at the time, and made a small speech against the grant. He made a great mistake in not bringing out the big guns employed by him in the subsequent bombardment at present under review. Now, we are not particular friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Its members are always rebuking us, although we do our best to keep the use of the lingual members until the time came for taking a vote upon Mr. Cushing's 'Preamble and Order'; and then, we must do the justice to say, they snatched Caleb and his Preamble and his Order, in the most satisfactory and decided manner. They could at least vote, if they could not talk.

Here we will pause for breath. We sometimes encounter a fatuity, an imbecility of intellect, a monomania verging upon stark madness, which is perfectly stunning. We are too angry to laugh; we are too much amused to cry; we are too much astonished to speak; we are too much bewildered to think; and even if we were disposed to argue, we cannot get hold of the tail of the argument. Sometimes absurdity bothers one much more completely than logic. But let us be calm, and remember that upon the premises of *The South*, Washington is worthy of the cane; no man disapproving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, Washington approved of assault and battery. Or suppose that we put it in this way: Washington approved of assault and battery; no man approving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, the cane should be taken away from Washington during his life-time. We fancy that any fire-eating nincompoops going to Mount Vernon upon that errand would have felt the weight of the hallooed scipio across their shoulders.—N. Y. Tribune.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

The successive Legislatures of Massachusetts have been plying with petitions for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Probate Judge at Boston, ever since his infamous decision in the Burns case. His conduct in office has been a stain on the credit to the Commonwealth, which nothing could have saved from removal long since but the triangular division and unsettled pose of political parties, making each fearful of advantage accruing to a rival from an impulsive step of its own, and therefore refraining from meddling with a delicate personal question like this.

The petitions presented to the Legislature now in session are very numerous, signed, and the pressure of public opinion is becoming such as to render it difficult much longer to evade action upon the subject. Still, it is not easy to make a stand, and to strike a bold blow at a Judge, who, though detested, is in his favor all the pro-slavery, and all the Federal Administration influence in the State, has gone to work to see if it cannot do the job indirectly, and shun any dangerous responsibility in the matter. It is therefore conjuring up a scheme to get rid of the Judge by *abolishing his court*—like the man who, wishing to be relieved of a disagreeable tenant, but not fancying the experiment of taking him by the collar and turning him out, concludes to pull down the house about him, by which he will 'just naturally' get out. The plan is, to consolidate the courts of Probate and Insolvency, constructing a new court out of the two, to be filled

AN INVERTERATE AGITATOR.

That defunct, though still active politician, Caleb Cushing, is employing the leisure afforded by his recent exile from federal service, in delivering lectures before the Legislature and Lyceums of Massachusetts. His favorite topic appears to be the negro question, which he agitates with a persistency which is worthy of his palmer days in Pierce's Cabinet, and which forcibly illustrates the saying about 'the ruling passion strong in death.' The Republicans in the Massachusetts Legislature having steadily voted down his underhand propositions to reopen agitation and prolong the session, he has turned up in another spot—viz., a lecture on Mexico.

Here, for an ordinary man, there would be a very slight chance of discovering the negro question; but the quick instinct of Caleb makes the food on which it feeds, and he was enabled to unfold his favorite subject in all its length and breadth. Observe the report of his ingenious summing up:

'Mr. Cushing maintained the cause of the desolation and anarchy witnessed in Mexico, and so strikingly in contrast to the condition of the United States and Brazil, to be the recognition of the equality of the races of that country, and which has resulted in having half-breed Indians as any for rulers. In Brazil and the United States, the civil and social superiority of the dominant race has been preserved, and hence the vast contrast which these countries present to the condition of unhappiness and distress of Mexico. He maintained that no possible explanation or solution of this fact could be given but the one named, and argued hence the importance of preserving the purity of our own race in the United States as indispensable to our own permanent growth and success.'

The monkey-like facility with which the ex-Attorney slides from Mexico, the country of Spaniards and red men, to the more congenial regions of Sambo and slavery, and thence still further to the Know Nothing conclusion of excluding any privileged classes from a share in the government, is strikingly characteristic.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE CHIVALRY OF VIRGINIA.

'When you are in doubt, pocket the trick,' says the classic Hoyle as quoted by the erudite Dr. Pangloss. 'Never refuse money,' is another maxim much revered in commercial, and, in fact, in all circles. Our gallant friends in Virginia, the aristocrats of the South, have a lively appreciation of the wisdom of these maxims, and have never been known to decline pecuniary donations, although they came from the chill and unwholesome North, and were the fruits of that peddling and cotton-spinning which tobacco culture holds in the highest estimation. They may like our morals, but they have no invincible objection to our money. But gratitude with them is a sense of benefits to come, and they do not mean to waste the precious and priceless emotion upon benefits which have come. Considering the provocation which the North has afforded, and the propensity to be unforgetting, which is one of the weaknesses of human nature, we think that we have exhibited a singular good Samaritan spirit toward Virginia. When one of her principal towns was ravaged by pestilence, and those who were sick were starving, the North sent a relief fund, and it was no more refused than a hungry beggar will refuse the broken victuals proffered him at the basement door. The favored patient, the slave deserted by his coward master, the widow and the orphan, in that season of dire distress, did not, before accepting our aid, make a display of the quarter they had come. Chivalry was sick, and weak, and hungry, and in no condition to make nice distinctions. So Chivalry took the cash of New York, of Boston, and of other cities, and growled out at the same. But when Flavius Chum (alias Jack) had accepted, Chivalry was no longer kicked, and abused the friends who had bound up its wounds, pouring in oil and wine, bringing it to an end, and paying its bill in advance. So when Chivalry became ashamed of the desolate and dilapidated condition of the home of Washington, and its overgrown, brainless, and feeble, and driven in canes, found himself too poor to keep the estate, and yet not too proud to drive a sharp bargain for the bones of his illustrious ancestor, who should come forward but a Northern man, offering by his sole personal exertions to raise a large portion of the pecuniary money needed to save the shrine, and to give to Virginia a monument nobler than any other State can hope to boast. And doing it, too. While Chivalry has been indulging in the ornamental, this gentleman has confined himself to the practical, and has been instituting the Order of the Knights of Mount Vernon (with whatummies, Heaven only knows). Mr. Everett has been raising the funds to buy Mount Vernon, which is a matter of more consequence. What the present Mr. Washington wants is not a revival of chivalry, but a revival of the policy of the gallant Knights of Mount Vernon to approach him in a body, and make him an offer of their accoutrements. He would not, for all their pastboard breastplates, tin helmets and pitch-pine lances, give them a rod of the sacred soil; and they might esteem themselves lucky if he did not charge them a dollar for trespassing upon his property. 'Down with the dust' is the motto of this modern Washington.

The 'dust' being the thing needed, and being all so precisely the sorest thing in that State, Virginia should be civil to the gentleman who has volunteered to make the dust, and to do her justice, the shoe, a disposition to be so, and will be so, provided a few extra-asmine ninnymies permit. But the moment it is known that Mr. Everett has been invited to be in Richmond on the 22d inst., and is then and there to be pretended with one of General Washington's walking sticks, the *Volunteer* South newspaper goes at once into a state of Vesuvian eruption. It could not be better and more reverent, if it had been proposed to give Mr. Everett Mount Vernon itself. Pray, the reader will ask, what is Mr. Everett's offence? Doing Virginia a service which he was incapable of doing for himself. Assisting to rescue our American Mecca from the hands of one who lacks either the means of keeping it in decent order, or the inclination to do so? Nothing of the kind. But *The South* does not think that a man who disapproved of Mr. Brooke's assault upon Charles Sumner is worthy to possess the cane of Washington.

Here we will pause for breath. We sometimes encounter a fatuity, an imbecility of intellect, a monomania verging upon stark madness, which is perfectly stunning. We are too angry to laugh; we are too much amused to cry; we are too much astonished to speak; we are too much bewildered to think; and even if we were disposed to argue, we cannot get hold of the tail of the argument. Sometimes absurdity bothers one much more completely than logic. But let us be calm, and remember that upon the premises of *The South*, Washington is worthy of the cane; no man disapproving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, Washington approved of assault and battery. Or suppose that we put it in this way: Washington approved of assault and battery; no man approving of assault and battery could be worthy of the cane; therefore, the cane should be taken away from Washington during his life-time. We fancy that any fire-eating nincompoops going to Mount Vernon upon that errand would have felt the weight of the hallooed scipio across their shoulders.—N. Y. Tribune.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

The successive Legislatures of Massachusetts have been plying with petitions for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Probate Judge at Boston, ever since his infamous decision in the Burns case. His conduct in office has been a stain on the credit to the Commonwealth, which nothing could have saved from removal long since but the triangular division and unsettled pose of political parties, making each fearful of advantage accruing to a rival from an impulsive step of its own, and therefore refraining from meddling with a delicate personal question like this.

The petitions presented to the Legislature now in session are very numerous, signed, and the pressure of public opinion is becoming such as to render it difficult much longer to evade action upon the subject. Still, it is not easy to make a stand, and to strike a bold blow at a Judge, who, though detested, is in his favor all the pro-slavery, and all the Federal Administration influence in the State, has gone to work to see if it cannot do the job indirectly, and shun any dangerous responsibility in the matter. It is therefore conjuring up a scheme to get rid of the Judge by *abolishing his court*—like the man who, wishing to be relieved of a disagreeable tenant, but not fancying the experiment of taking him by the collar and turning him out, concludes to pull down the house about him, by which he will 'just naturally' get out. The plan is, to consolidate the courts of Probate and Insolvency, constructing a new court out of the two, to be filled

with poor incumbents. It is understood that the only motive of the consolidation is the desire to dispose of Judge Loring. It is perhaps best to do work this method, if courage is lacking to do the work directly, but the honor of Massachusetts would be better vindicated by a straight-forward proceeding to the result.—*Galesburg (Illinois) Democrat*.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

'AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.'

This Society, which is, to the full, a pro-slavery as its New York sister, and which is still circulating the mutilated books and tracts of the New York Society, is trying to catch the turn of the tide, and slip round quietly into the body of remonstrants against the New York Society's position.

A document, bearing the title of this article, appropriately signed with a star of the very smallest magnitude, and bearing a marked resemblance to the style of the Reverend Secretary of the Boston Society, though the phraseology studiously points towards a disinterested and unofficial organ, has appeared in the *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, and has been copied thence into other papers. Its purpose is to represent—now that a certain proportion of the community are considering to what Tract agency they shall transfer those contributions of which the New York Society has proved itself unworthy—that the Boston Society is free from those objections, and quite deserving, not only of continued donations, but of a special effort in its behalf.

A short prefatory paragraph in the *Watchman*, which may have come from the editorial pen, or may possibly have been written—to save the editor's time and labor, while yet it seems to convey to the public the editor's thought—by the anonymous writer of the article itself, fully endorses the Boston Society, and says, in reference to the debate between the New York Society and its remonstrant members, 'It will be seen that the Society in Boston, did, in July last, take a distinct stand on this question.'

We can bear witness to that! They did, unquestionably, take a distinct stand on the fence; and they have been straining their eyes ever since, in the diligent effort to distinguish which side has the strongest battalions, that they might obediently follow 'the leadings of Divine Providence' in joining it. This important question seems not yet to be settled; but coming events have so far cast their shadows before, as to induce the humble individual, who writes so nearly in the style of the Rev. Secretary, to incline himself obviously towards the side of the remonstrants, still, however, cautiously keeping such a hold of the fence as will enable him to recover the former position, or return quite to the other side, if a pro-slavery success at the next meeting, or before it, should show the leadings of Divine Providence in that direction.

This article, setting the key, at the commencement, of decided disapprobation of the New York Society, and continuing this tone, at intervals, throughout, interposes, in ingenious alternate layers, the very considerations put forth by the New York 'management' in their own defence, and yet, in conclusion, has the impudence to ask 'continued donations,' and even 'special effort,' from the remonstrants, as if the Boston Society had, any more than the New York, a claim to their confidence and support.

The following passages from this double-barrelled document will give an idea of the alternate arrangement alluded to:—

'The present position of the American Tract Society, at New York, is painfully unfortunate. . . . The moral evils of slavery are too gross to be tolerated by any man of honor, and yet, in the same manner as other moral evils, . . . at least to the extent they are condemned by good people in all parts of the country—North and South.

The Executive Committee of the Society in Boston do not approve of the course recently taken at New York. Their minute of July 20th, unanimously adopted, is as follows:—

'Whereas the American Tract Society, at New York, adopted, at its last meeting, certain resolutions, . . . And trusting that . . . those principles will be acted upon and carried out, we feel ourselves called upon to exercise—and we earnestly entreat our brethren to exercise—a spirit of Christian patience and forbearance; feeling that such a spirit will bring its own reward in the accomplishment of greater good than can be effected by any hasty and precipitate action, and that so the work of the Lord shall prosper in our hands.'

Now, ought not the New England churches to sustain this Committee in these views? They have taken that stand in the said resolutions; . . . where New England would have them to act consistently . . . we, on this field, may remain united.'

We judge that the 'distinct stand' thus taken will hardly induce any intelligent man to believe the Boston Society less pro-slavery, or more honest and straight-forward in its dealings, or more worthy in any manner or degree whatsoever, than its New York sister. Both need to show fruits meet for repentance, before regaining the confidence of Christian men. C. K. W.

COMMEMORATIVE MEETING.

The Commemorative Meeting which is to be held in Faneuil Hall on Friday evening next, March 6th, (see notice in another column), with reference to the Boston Massacre of 1770, and a fresh vindication of equal rights on American soil, holds out strong attractions, and we trust will not fail to secure a large attendance worthy of the occasion. With refreshments, and vocal and instrumental music, and speeches from such persons as WENDELL PHILLIPS, THEODORE PARKER, C. L. REMOND, and others, and the presentation of curious relics, it cannot fail to be a highly interesting celebration.

The speech of Rev. THEODORE PARKER, delivered on the anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be published entire in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of this week. Extra copies can be obtained at 21 Cornhill.

A letter for Miss S. HOLLEY, to which an early reply is desired, has been mailed for her at Lockport, N. Y.

JUDGE LORING.

For six weeks, the Senate of Massachusetts has checked-mated the House of Representatives, by laying upon the table the numerous petitions that have been presented to that body for the removal of Judge Loring. On Friday last, however, in the Senate—

On motion of Mr. Earle of Worcester, the several petitions for the removal of Judge Loring were taken from the table, and were referred in concurrence with an order passed by the House.

Since this reference was agreed to, another week has been allowed to pass by the Senate without the appointment of a committee on its part to act with the House committee. What is the meaning of all this? The people will tolerate no shuffling.

In the House of Representatives, on the same day—On motion of Mr. Parker of Worcester, it was ordered, that the Joint Standing Committee to whom were referred the petitions for the removal of Judge Loring, be directed forthwith and at once to the consideration of the subject committed to them, and report upon the matter at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Parker spoke earnestly in favor of the removal of Judge Loring. And he wanted him removed in a straightforward manner, by a ye and nay vote, and not by any hocus pocus, conglomerated consolidation bill.

Mr. Dodge of Chatham—Ames, Mr. Parker—And when that is done, I will say, 'Glory to God in the highest.' Mr. P. alluded to his order (printed above) and said that if it should be objected to by the Senate, he should then be ready for a special committee of the House alone, but he thought it best to wait a day, and see what would be done by the Senate.

Messrs. Pitman of New Bedford and Andrew of Boston also spoke earnestly for the removal. Let the removal be made!

WORCESTER COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY. Agreeably to appointment, a quarterly meeting of the Worcester County (North) Anti-Slavery Society was held in Westminster on Saturday evening and Sunday, Feb. 20th and 21st. In consequence of a severe cold, Mr. Foster was unable to be with us, and was anticipated; but, notwithstanding this disappointment, the meetings were well sustained, and a good degree of interest manifested throughout.

The attendance was small, owing in a measure, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather, but more especially to the influence of a pro-slavery church, which has ever ignored the Anti-Slavery movement; and particularly at a time when an attempt is being made to multiply converts to worthless creeds and dead ceremonies. Of course, the whole weight of such an organization is brought to bear against truth, justice and humanity, as evidenced by the fact that scarcely one of its members was present at any of our meetings. So long as this state of things continues, how can we cease to regard and to brand the Church as 'the bulwark of American slavery'?

But though the number in attendance was small, we trust the seed of truth, sown at the several meetings, will germinate, and in due season, yield an abundant harvest. The truth was spoken in a bold and fearless manner, proving to the bottom the iniquitous institutions of Church and State. Though strongly urged, no one was found so utterly lost to all sense of decency and justice as to come to the rescue of these corrupt institutions. Surely, it is an encouraging sign when the emissaries of Satan are ashamed openly to defend his kingdom. In view of these things, and notwithstanding the powers that be are still in league with the powers of darkness, we have reason to thank God, and take courage.

The labors of our friend, Lewis Ford, in this place, will long be remembered by those who love truth, and are striving for the reign of justice and humanity. D. M. ALLEN, Secretary.

POETRY.

YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

Choose ye between the two,
Cried the stern prophet; choose
To whom is worship due,
Whose rule do ye refuse.

Here Israel's altar stands,
Raid to Jehovah's name;
There wait Baal's priestly bands;
Hark to their loud acclaim!

Still does this altar stand,
Its title only changed;
Shame of each Christian land,
Near God's is Mammon's ranged.

The offerings we must bring,
If we to God draw near,
Are thoughts, words, deeds, that spring
From filial love and fear.

The sacrifice we lay
Before our Father's feet,
Is every sinful way,
Pride, hatred, rage, deceit.

The homage Mammon craves
Is never-resting care;
Yes, his unsated slaves
In no true pleasure share.

His cruel altar claims
A dreadful sacrifice;
Those noble thoughts and aims
Would raise us to the skies.

Father, when called to choose,
In strong temptation's hour,
Oh! aid us to refuse
Base Mammon's gifts and power.

Tenterden, (England.) JANN ASHBY.

From Lator's 'Utopia and Other Poems.'

PEACE VINDICATED.

A Reply to Tennyson.

Why sully the milk-white fleece? Why, in bitter
Iambic verse,
Proclaim the blessing of Peace, that she makes her
blessing a curse?

That only to grovelling gain her abject ambition
tends,
Impelled by the spirit of Cain, but crawling to meander
ends?

That her drugs upon manhood seize, and deaden the
morbid eye
With 'hysterical mock disease,' whatsoever that
phrase imply;

And quench all exalted desire, leaving only the pick-
pocket's lust,
The dram-drinker's virulent fire, and the midnight
assassin's thrust?

That cheating and cheated she lives, yet no more
than she loses gains,
That only the ledger thrives, and only the millionaire
reigns;

For that hers is a blinded lust, self-blinded, and clothed
in the vestment of all.

With clothing of devil's dust, and plaster of Paris
bread?

That she sits in her vineyard shade, but a company
forgets the wine,
And grows rich by the tricks of trade, but hovers her
poor like a swine;

While on women's and children's bones lolls a Mam-
monite lord at his ease,
And the babies of Mammonite crones are murdered
for burial fees?

Why to charge of Peace do you lay the ill that in
peace is done?

As well might the brazen-faced day charge its crimes
to the light-giving sun!

And wherefore her bounty accuse, though folly that
bounty pervert?

What is there she will not abuse?—what good that
may turn not to hurt?

Have you never seen mouldering fruit that had grown
upon vigorous stems?

Though London her river pollute, is there nowhere
a silvery Thames?

Would you zeal for sobriety's laws every measure of
drink interdict,

Or prohibit from eating because Jesurun grew fat
and kicked?

And what is it you choose to applaud?—to what do
you look for redress?

With violence added to fraud, would the total of evil
be less?

Then how idly your wilfulness prattles, in rambling
and stammering tones!

Hailing 'war with a thousand battles, upsetting a
hundred thrones'!

If we needs must have one of the two, is your
'smooth-faced and snub-nosed rogue'

More vile than the ruffian who breaks through the
whole of the decalogue?

To be duped is vexation enough—to be cozened in
health and in purse;

But, add carnage and rapine thereto, and don't you
make matters still worse?

Or call you these means to an end, wherewith the
Supreme is pleased?

On healing wings to descend, to succor a world dis-
eased?

Whom sickness he deigns to relieve by handing her
over to slaughter,

Whom perhaps you, with Wordsworth, believe to be,
therefore, the Deity's daughter?

Or does Peace corrupt, and must strife, through the
torpid, stagnating air,

Pour a hurricane blast of life, a regenerate breed to
prepare?

When in warfare no longer trained, does the genius
of herse cease?

Were not Alma and Inkermann gained by the sons of
a forty years' peace?

Is it deadly contention alone, that unselfish devotion
denotes?

Can zeal be no otherwise shown than in cutting our
brethren's throats?

Though his was no martial fire, would you therefore
John Howard asperse?

Or rate Florence Nightingale higher if she challenged
a sister nurse?

Now say—is it fitting that you, whose native and
genuine lays

Can each captive emotion subdue, and further the
heavenward gaze,

Should stoop to this maniac rant, and bedeck with
the tinsel of rhyme

Ephemeral drivell and cant, the delicious signs of the
time?

What though you are jesting—shall this your child-
ish perverseness excuse?

Rather all the more insult it is for your vexed and
recalcitrant muse;

And she all the less calmly endures that you bid her
your ravings disperse,

That simply because they are yours, there are black-
heads who take them for sense.

ON OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Small wonder, Holmes, you funny write,
Since brevity's the soul of wit,
If I have seen your person right,
You are the very soul of it.

—Punchet Chronicle.

The Liberator.

O. A. BROWNSON'S NEW BOOK, 'THE CONVERT.'

Some little time since, I published a few comments upon Mr. Brownson's preaching in Boston, before his conversion to the Catholic faith, and previous to his 'seeing God as he is,' in the supernatural order. A friend has since loaned me his book, and upon this I beg leave to present a few thoughts.

In his preface, the author observes that he is the hero of his own story, and apologizes for the frequent use of the pronoun I, which is certainly more individual and truthful than we, as he speaks for himself alone. Reviewers and editors, however, generally use the plural we, as it is thought more modest; although with printers no desirable modesty, as the plural is supposed to be constituted by the devil's partnership in the black art. With married men, however, I am more inclined to believe that we more frequently means 'me and my wife.' Though this latter sense might at present be true with regard to myself, I generally prefer, with Mr. Brownson, the singular I, as unjustly involving no one, not even Satan himself.

The 'Convert' is not so amusing a book as I expected to find it. In fact, the author writes with more restraint than previous to his finding grace; nevertheless, there are more humorous facts recorded—one in particular, where he gives an account of his ordination as a Universalist preacher, at Jaffrey, N. H. At this time, Rev. C. H. preached the sermon. After giving his character as a preacher, Mr. Brownson coolly adds, 'I enjoyed, however, a comfortable nap under his sermon.' This is eminently Brownsonian, though persons unacquainted with him may be inclined to suspect that the text was, 'Blessed is the man who invented sleep.' Really (let me say in a parenthesis) our author must have felt a profound consciousness of the great responsibility he was assuming in receiving holy orders. And how dangerous soever to his soul, or 'unsatisfactory' he may subsequently have found Universalism, at this time he was ready to prove by syllogism, that 'balm sleep' is an ordinance of God!

I shall not follow the bewildered and voracious religionist through all his shifts, deceptions, darkness, false lights, temptations, battles with giants, &c., but will confine myself to a few general comments upon the whole story, as they spontaneously rise.

While Mr. Brownson was yet a mere twit, he bent towards religion, and was, in his teens, admitted into a Congregational church. But he soon found it had no authority from God; besides, he was disgusted with its doctrines. He was much exercised in his mind, and took refuge in Universalism. But when this doctrine proved unsatisfactory and illogical, he became a World-Reformer, and advocated many schemes for the amelioration of mankind; but finding they were all in vain, because he relied on man alone for his success, and laboring to get something better—some real authority and grace from God—he, with much reluctance, (after philosophically preparing the way,) enters the Catholic Church—generally supposed to be the vainest net of all.

Mr. Brownson has evinced a remarkable faculty for burying truth up under a mass of metaphysical subtleties, though not at all times unaccompanied with error. As Carlyle would say, he *illuminates* himself out of each new position into a still newer one. Here the progressive element is developed. He finds things 'double,' (Carlyle again), and then in a brief period he finds them 'undouble.' All this argues badly for his intuition; for if he could see truth at a glance, there would be no necessity for change. The human mind, however, is imperfect, though individually varying in degree. The following anecdote may throw some light upon the matter of mental and moral certainty. Theophilus Parsons, formerly Chief Justice in this State, while practising at the bar, once assumed, before the bench, a certain point in law. 'But,' said the court, 'you argued differently a few days ago.' 'Ah!' exclaimed Parsons, 'I thought I was right then, I know I am now.'

The great difficulty which Mr. Brownson seemed to encounter all along, was the absence of any real authoritative foundation upon which to rest his religious faith. Man should not rely upon his reason alone, he says, because he can produce nothing but himself, and cannot get above himself. He needs the grace of God to give him wings to soar. Man cannot, he says, lift himself in his waistbands! There must be something that is out of man to raise him up above man, and make him a saint, or even a tolerable Catholic. That power, he ultimately finds, lies only in the Catholic Church! But, it may be humbly asked, is the sure of this? Is he not occasionally liable to subtle hallucinations, according to those whose reason has led them into Romanism as any higher or purer in the eyes of God than those (Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Channing, &c.) whose reason has kept them out of it? Is he certain that reason and grace are united in the Catholics, and not in the anti-Catholics? Surely, it is important, if true!

Mr. Brownson placidly observes—'If our Lord founded a church, and has a church on earth, it must reach back to his time, and come down in unbroken succession from the apostles.' He used to tell his audience, when he preached in Boston, and truly, I think—that the church of Christ existed in the hearts of all his believers; and that it was independent of all rites, conventicles, media, &c., with which priestcraft might invest it; that a man was to look straight to God for grace and salvation, and that all the conventional formalities were of little importance. Now, he thinks it reasonable to believe that God gives us grace not directly, but through the saints of the Catholic Church, the divinity of which he seeks to establish by primogeniture. Really, his moral vision seems so obscured that he can see clearly only through obscurity; or, to be more explicit, like the owl, he sees best in the dark! But, let this be forgotten, if possible. He would have us believe that this supernatural church, (which has hardly an attribute with God), is the only conductor of divine grace from heaven—that it monopolizes the spiritual telegraph, upon which alone truth is conveyed from the spiritual abode of the Creator to earth, and back again—and that its age is the surest criterion of its divine brokerage! 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit.' But Mr. B. seems to think now that he is (personally considered) what he said he thought him when he was a young stripling, without a beard on his face, viz., an old man with a broad-brim hat, seated up on the empyrean height, to which he must add, as a papist, a non-resident ruler, demanding, in his absenteeism, fealty and tithes through his principal factor, the Pope of Rome.

The Catholic Church is old, but true Christianity is older. Instead of this fact being favorable to the divine authority of the former, reason and experience show it to be the reverse. Old institutions generally have grown tyrannical, worldly and corrupt; and to the former debasement of the Romish Church, Mr. Brownson ably testifies in his 'Convert.' Yet he does not deny her divine authority! If Christ had originally instituted this church, and bade mankind come into it for salvation, as Mr. B. affects to believe, can a man have any true conception of the Savior or of God, who supposes its divine powers would attach to it when it passed into worldliness and sensuality? Would it not be impeaching Heaven? I hold this truth to be self-evident, that if the Creator ever established a church, he has either kept it pure, or withdrawn from it his grace and power. If the head-streams were originally pure, (which does not appear),

they were a purblind devotee will deny that they have since become bloody and offensive—that its fountain has closed up, and that its waters are now merely artificial, flowing from a cistern of corruption.

Mr. B.'s idea of the infallibility of the church militant may be a little peculiar. It is not the Pope and Councils which are infallible, but the Holy Ghost preserving, 'for the time being,' his and their 'judgment from error.' 'It therefore enlightens as well as commands, convinces as well as obliges.' But how we are to distinguish between the judgments of the Pope, as a man, and his decisions as the Holy Ghost, we are not distinctly informed. If Mr. Brownson has chained himself to such a rock of faith as this, he should not complain when the vultures sport with him, and tear his very vitals.

The 'Apostolic Succession'—believed in and claimed by this church—is not very clear to my 'individuality.' If the apostles transmitted, by contact, any of the life of Christ to the early Christian fathers, and they to the Romish priests, the latter would probably have shown it in their lives, in happy contrast with the non-Catholics; but as they have been very far from doing this, I regard their claims as the most pernicious imposture. The Greek Church is equally as old, and its claims, in this respect, are just as good—and just as worthless and vain. In fact, there is no evidence of any such transmission in any church; it is an ecclesiastical fiction. As well might all native Americans claim to have received through Hancock, Adams and Franklin, the noble virtues of Washington.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Brownson cannot but smile at the idea of his ever having any fears for the safety of his soul. It is perfectly repugnant to his genius. He would study French philosophy, (Cousin, Leroux and Constant), in the very days of Vesuvius, and then lie down prayerless and take a nap—without even relying on his proximity to Rome! If, however, in this confessed anxiety, he has discovered any God throughout the thousand and one systems of theology and metaphysics into which he has dug, that deity is probably the Prince of Reasoning. But here a query suggests itself. If the philosopher scarcely be saved, where shall the ignorant and unphilosophical appear? Mr. B. must either admit that, with all his learning, he has been a very unwise man, religiously, or deny all salvation to the uneducated. He probably admits the former, and 'bows his eminent' 'pr' in faith to the infallible church—which liberally gives all its uneducated devotees their reason already syllogized.

Our author intimates that he hated to become a Catholic. His prejudices were all against such a plunge. But his logic led him to the recognition of the great fundamental principle of this church, yet he thought seriously of it only till he saw some of its writings favorably copied by the Catholic journals. This flattery to his vanity, perhaps, he could not withstand, and so he went a little farther, and yet a little farther, till he found himself a trembling and naked pilgrim, with a bundle of his 'Review' under his arm, knocking at the outer gate of St. Peter's. There may have been another influence which led Mr. B. into the paradoxical position in which he has placed himself. His friend, the late Dr. Channing, he says, to whom he had latterly looked for counsel, 'felt that he was still seeking after the truth, and waiting for it to dawn upon himself and the world.' But he did not become a Romanist, although Mr. B. addressed to him his theological views. Why not? Probably because, as the 'Convert' says, 'he was never a clear and profound thinker. He was no philosopher, no theologian, and only moderately erudite. As a reasoner, he was feeble and confused.' There! that's the reason why that great and good man was left to die in the dark!

But there was another influence, probably, and the greatest of all, which led Mr. Brownson to relax his grasp on liberalism, and stretch out his hand for the beads. In 1841, he listened to a course of lectures by the Rev. Theodore Parker. He says of them: 'The lectures were the first part of the volume which Mr. Parker subsequently published, entitled, 'A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion,' and contained nothing, except a learned and eloquent statement of the doctrine which I had long defended, and which I have called the Religion of Humanity. But, strange as it may seem, the moment I heard that doctrine from his lips, I felt an invincible repugnance to it, and saw, or rather thought I saw, at a glance, that it was unphilosophical and anti-religious.' This is a striking Brownsonianism, though it is a small complaint to him to suppose he did not enjoy a 'comfortable nap' while listening to a voice not his own. How much the popularity of Mr. Parker—who, our author says, 'could discourse not badly upon almost any subject,' and 'die in defence of his opinions'—had to do with an 'objective' something in pushing one who formerly entertained similar views off the same theological stage, Mr. B. knows best. But, as he says, 'is no saint, and never expects to be,' it may generally be inferred, by those who understand human nature, that its influence was potent. And I am not a little inclined to believe, that had Mr. Parker never been known in the city of Boston, Mr. Brownson would still be at the purer font of Protestantism, preaching some form of the 'Religion of Humanity,' as contradistinguished from the Religion of Priestcraft and Saint-worship. However, I am not the sole judge of how much of the 'divine life' had been transmitted to him through the Apostles and that sacred medium, the Romish church, or how much influence that might have had upon his conduct.

Be this as it may, our author, it seems, abandoned his 'horrible doctrines,' and entered the antiquated church with a great deal of reluctance, and probably mortification. He had been justly severe upon the man-made priests of that politico-divine organization, showing its demoralizing influence on all those nations where it ever had supreme sway, and regarding its authors as 'subtle, as adroit disputants, not as great, broad, and open-hearted men.' But what could all these objections weigh in the balance of his logic? Did he not see that the Catholic Church was the oldest, and that if God had an organization on earth it must be this, and that all others were spurious, mere fragments of the original body, losing their divinity by no unhallored schism? And to say that God had no church by which to raise his people, would not that be 'horrible' to the Catholic Church, then, being inevitably logicated into the true, why talk about its corruptions! Can a true church—having infused into its members the life of Christ—be corrupt? Impossible! Through fear that this should not appear satisfactory, I submit the following propositions, which, in their style, are according to 'Hedge,' studied at old Harvard:

The true church is the oldest church;
The Catholic church is the oldest church;
Therefore the Catholic church is the true church.

No true church can become corrupt;
The Catholic church is the true church;
Therefore the Catholic church is a pure church.

All these objections having been swept away, by the assistance of divine grace—as Mr. B. says he learned that Mass was said for his conversion, 'and I have no doubt (the clergy) in their prayers, recommended me to Our Lady'—he received holy communion at the church in East Boston, and 'entered upon a new life, subdued, indeed, but full of a sweet and calm joy.'

In approaching this venerable church, Mr. Brownson could not wholly and heartily divest himself of some of his new metaphysical notions, as appears in his communication with Bishop Patrizzi. 'I really thought, says he, that I had made some philosophical discoveries which would be of value even to Catholic theologians, in convincing and converting unbelievers.' And the dread of having these rejected troubled him, and kept him some time at bay, as

they were the incentives which led to his conversion. But, by divine assistance, he was enabled logically to overcome the obstacle, and he slipped into the bosom with the flattering satisfaction that he had not left all of himself behind, but had smuggled in a little reason—to glow when required—like a 'candle in a skull,' amidst the surrounding darkness.

That the Romish Church has done some good in the world, no intelligent and candid man will deny. So of Paganism and Mohammedanism. That it has caused an incalculable amount of evil, all Catholics must admit. False and worldly as it is, it might have done better. Claiming to be the agent of God, it has always enforced its pretended authority against non-Catholics, visiting them with fire and sword, or subjecting them to exile, where it had the power—bating, at times, where it was weak, the exercise of that discretion which is the better part of religion no less than of law. History groans with her reproach. True, her light was the light of the Dark Ages, but the Dark Ages were hers. Freshen of thought of course she does not admit, as to her there is but one way, one royal road to heaven; and her education, in a few liberal senses, has always been confined to the few, while with the many her instruction has been stunted. As she believes salvation does not come through general intelligence, but by faith in the church, this is the great point to be taught, and about which she cares the most. She does not aim to make good scholars and good citizens, but good Catholics.

Montesquieu, in his 'Spirit of Laws,' has well said, 'There are scarcely any but persecuting religions that have any extraordinary zeal for being established in other places, because a religion that can tolerate others, seldom thinks of its own propagation.' And it may be remarked, that the opposition in this country to Catholics, is not that they should not enjoy the religion of their choice, (provided they would sheath the sword against heretics,) but that as theirs is indisputably, if not confessedly, an intolerant religion, its supremacy would be fatal to freedom of thought, and repugnant to a republican government. It demands religious liberty, but cannot give it. And the same may be said of all religions which assume to know and to enforce the decrees of Heaven. As man is amenable to God alone for his religious belief, no earthly power should coerce him. This is a general rule, though it may involve some nice points—where, for instance, the indulgence of gross passions, injurious to society, is professedly a part of a man's religion.

The Papal Lion was once at large, and vigorous in its savage wildness. It devoured everything it could find to devour, but most delighted in human blood. It prowled and roared over the greater part of Europe, and even visited the Southern continent of America. But civilization, with her advanced intelligence, has encompassed him, and after extracting his teeth and claws, confined him to the narrow limits of superstition, with his purveyors and worshippers. He is impotent of his former power for evil, and but little or nowise restricted in his power for good. He can eat, drink and sleep; can roar and snore, and is fat and sleek. But his abode is a nest of unclean things, and his roaring only frightens the children! He has become kind and docile, and blandly says to those outside, 'I never was half so bad as you represent me. Didn't I always protect the weak against the strong? Was I ever known to see a lamb trembling before a tiger, or other vulgar beast, and not spring upon it myself to save it? Has it not always been my interest to court the good will of all mankind? Where this persecution, this hatred of the lion? Come, let us be friends. Give me your former domain, and I will show you how to be happy.'

This, it would seem, is the best which Mr. Brownson defends, if not worships—not from any inclination, (for he hates lions), but because—from some new mythology of his, perhaps—he logically, religiously and necessarily concludes he was made by God, and deserves his former native liberty. That his vigorous and active mind should have led him to the performance of such a religious pastime, occasions as much surprise as regret.

Mr. Brownson first entered what he considered an arbitrary church; but in leaving that and entering upon a long voyage of discovery, he has circumscribed the theological globe, and now finds himself in about the same latitude (though not longitude) from whence he started—verifying the truth, that 'East and West are just the same,' to him whose progress knows no bounds. As he can go no farther in the watery waste without reploughing his own yesty wake, it may be well that he has come to anchor in any haven which promises him safety from 'every wind of doctrine,' and secures to him that peace and contentment to which all veteran seamen are entitled.

COLUMBUS CROOKS.

West Medford, Feb. 10, 1858.

GREAT COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDON.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the men and boys employed in the extensive colliery works of the Marchioness of Londonderry, to the number of nearly 3000, were entertained at dinner by her Ladyship in a large and commodious wooden structure, erected for the occasion, in the beautifully wooded grounds of Seaham Hall, one of her Ladyship's estates. This was a repetition of a similar entertainment which was given by the Marchioness to the miners in her employment, in the course of last year, at Fence House; but, from the nature and the extent of the preparations, the presence of the Bishop of the diocese, and other attendant circumstances, the present celebration may be considered as even more deserving than that which preceded it.

The arrangements for the dinner were remarkably complete and satisfactory in all their details. The general form of the building was oblong, in three or four longitudes divisions, marked off by rows of light pillars. Its dimensions were two hundred feet in length, by eighty-four in width, and it was adapted to accommodate 3520 persons at the tables, while galleries capable of holding 600 more were disposed along the sides of the interior. Several flags, flying gaily from the roof, comprised the whole of the external decorative display. Floral devices and festoons of evergreens were disposed in endless variety throughout the roof, and upon the walls and pillars, while much of the interior space was hung with drapery of brilliant colors, relieved by inscriptions in large letters, and on the platform for her Ladyship and the principal guests by armorial bearings. This platform stretched along the southern side of the interior, and was about 70 feet in length. In the centre of the parapet bounding it in front, directly opposite the chair, a large cornucopia, in colored russet, was wrought upon a white ground, with the initial letters of her Ladyship's name, 'F. A. V. L.' of large size and in pink, on each side of it. In front of the canopy above this was the Imperial crown in brilliant colors, laden with fruits. The central space of the wall behind the chair displayed the arms of the Marchioness's family, with the quarters richly colored on two oval shields, with some military emblems. Amidst this profusion of vegetable luxuriance, and artificial splendor, a large bust of the great St. George—a name so intimately connected with the industrial prosperity of the surrounding district—stood conspicuously. Amongst the inscriptions on the roof and walls were the following:—'Success to the Marchioness of Londonderry.' 'Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful.' 'Success to every England.' 'Britannia rules the waves.' 'Success to the coal trade.' 'Prosperity to commerce.' &c. Twelve wagon-loads of evergreens were received towards the decorations from Lambton Castle, having been kindly presented by the Earl of Durham; and no fewer than 8000 artificial flowers

had been contributed by ladies in the neighborhood—viz., the Misses Elliott, of Houghton-le-Spring; Mrs. Ferne, and the Misses Hindle, of Spring; and Mrs. Gabor, of Seaham. The decorations were arranged by Mr. Draber, gardener at the hall. The arrangements generally were superintended by Mr. Craig, of Houghton-le-Spring, engineer under Mr. George Elliott.

There were forty-two tables arranged longitudinally and transversely throughout the whole extent of the interior, each being adapted for seating seventy persons or more. The bodies of men belonging to the various districts and pits were guided to the positions assigned to them by draperies suspended from the roof, bearing the names of the localities and pits—viz., Hasleton, Pitlington, Ponsler, Ponsler Quarry, Old Durham Colliery, Seaham Colliery, farm laborers at Ponsler and Seaham, and Sunderland Railway men, harbor men, &c.

Beef and mutton and plum pudding, with bread, and plenty of good beer, formed the staple of the supply at all the tables in the area of the interior. The butcher meat killed for the occasion consisted of eight beasts of 35 st. each, and 32 sheep of 5 st. each. To this must be added 500 plum puddings of 5lb. each, and 60 barrels of beer.

The Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of the Diocese of Durham, Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, Mr. John Vandaeur Steward, with several of the clergy of the neighborhood, and others, either guests at the hall at the time, or persons of station connected with the surrounding districts. On the appearance of her Ladyship and friends with the Bishop, the hand struck up a lively air, and at the same moment a tremendous burst of cheering arose from 3000 stentorian voices, and was protracted for some moments, with a most impressive effect. The galleries on two sides of the building were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies.

Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest occupied the chair. The dinner having concluded, the choir performed 'Non nobis Domine.'

The noble Chairman, having given the usual local toasts, which were loudly cheered, proposed 'The healths of the Bishop of Durham and the Clergy of the Diocese,' and the Bishop returned the compliment. 'The health of the Ministers of different Denominations in the County of Durham' was then drunk; after which, the Chairman said his mother would address the assembly. The announcement was received with great cheering.

Her Ladyship, on rising, was received with vociferous and long-continued cheering, which, when subsided, she said, 'My friends, I will be honest, I see you all again, and this time I have the satisfaction of receiving you in my own park. On the last occasion, I followed the dictates of my heart in determining that the employer and the employed should meet at the table, and that I should be an experiment disapproved of by some, and the wisdom of which was doubted by many, while all looked forward to it with anxiety; and the responsibility of ill-omened together so large a number of people on that ill-omened spot—till then, only known in connection with strikes and rebellion—I will leave to me. The result was satisfactory, and I trust you now with feelings of confidence and comfort—confidence in myself that I do right in thus gathering you around me—confidence in you that your conduct will be good and orderly, and comfort in knowing how much this affects my peace. Thank God, we have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and never for an instant forget yourselves to unscrew your lamps to light your pipe or your shot. It makes my blood run cold to dwell upon these fearful risks, and I think any great calamity which you would break my heart. We are all in God's hands; still I feel it my duty to offer to you these observations to do your duty to yourselves, your friends, and your families. I say nothing of your employer, but I pray you to remember how deeply I am interested in you; and also, if you are sensible of my anxiety, you will show it by your care of yourselves and your fellow-laborers. I will come to the question of education, and I am deeply anxious to impress upon your minds the duty you owe to your children. We have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and never for an instant forget yourselves to unscrew your lamps to light your pipe or your shot. It makes my blood run cold to dwell upon these fearful risks, and I think any great calamity which you would break my heart. We are all in God's hands; still I feel it my duty to offer to you these observations to do your duty to yourselves, your friends, and your families. I say nothing of your employer, but I pray you to remember how deeply I am interested in you; and also, if you are sensible of my anxiety, you will show it by your care of yourselves and your fellow-laborers. I will come to the question of education, and I am deeply anxious to impress upon your minds the duty you owe to your children. We have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and never for an instant forget yourselves to unscrew your lamps to light your pipe or your shot. It makes my blood run cold to dwell upon these fearful risks, and I think any great calamity which you would break my heart. We are all in God's hands; still I feel it my duty to offer to you these observations to do your duty to yourselves, your friends, and your families. I say nothing of your employer, but I pray you to remember how deeply I am interested in you; and also, if you are sensible of my anxiety, you will show it by your care of yourselves and your fellow-laborers. I will come to the question of education, and I am deeply anxious to impress upon your minds the duty you owe to your children. We have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and never for an instant forget yourselves to unscrew your lamps to light your pipe or your shot. It makes my blood run cold to dwell upon these fearful risks, and I think any great calamity which you would break my heart. We are all in God's hands; still I feel it my duty to offer to you these observations to do your duty to yourselves, your friends, and your families. I say nothing of your employer, but I pray you to remember how deeply I am interested in you; and also, if you are sensible of my anxiety, you will show it by your care of yourselves and your fellow-laborers. I will come to the question of education, and I am deeply anxious to impress upon your minds the duty you owe to your children. We have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and never for an instant forget yourselves to unscrew your lamps to light your pipe or your shot. It makes my blood run cold to dwell upon these fearful risks, and I think any great calamity which you would break my heart. We are all in God's hands; still I feel it my duty to offer to you these observations to do your duty to yourselves, your friends, and your families. I say nothing of your employer, but I pray you to remember how deeply I am interested in you; and also, if you are sensible of my anxiety, you will show it by your care of yourselves and your fellow-laborers. I will come to the question of education, and I am deeply anxious to impress upon your minds the duty you owe to your children. We have had no serious or calamitous accident, I saw you last; but the details of the accident at Lundhill Colliery must be fresh in your minds, where above 180 human beings were without any preparation launched into eternity, leaving mothers and sisters, widows and orphans, to mourn their loss. Think of the horror, my friends, and may your reflections induce you at least to do your duty, and be less callous and more careful, and